VISIT OF GEORGES CLEMENCEAU INTERESTS SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON

Republics of Central America Conferences Also Engage Its Attention.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9.

THE dove of peace and the stormy petrel struck Washington almost simultaneously—at the beginning of the week. The "peace conference" of the Republics of Central America opened Monday morning at the Pan-American Building; and Clemenceau, "Tiger of France," arrived Monday afternoon. So throughout the week Washington's attention has been divided between the two.

The Latin Americans after their opening session Monday morning were the President's guests at a highly official luncheon at the White House. Naturally in view of Mrs. Harding's condition the luncheon was a man's function, but it was none the less a state function—the company highly official—Central American diplomats, State Department folk of credit and renown from the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, and the Undersecretary of State, Mr. Phillips, down; practically the entire Cabinet; Major-Generals and Admirals; a sample selection from the Senate and the House, "to meet the delegates to the conference of Central American Republics"—no single frill omitted that might make the guests feel that Uncle Sam delighted to honor them.

That night the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes gave one of those lovely Pan American receptions for the delegates. Mr. and Mrs. B. Sumner Welles assisted in receiving the company and presenting the guests to the long line of delegates, and in spite of a driving rain the official world, from the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge down, came to their party. Naturally also the diplomats were out in force.

Mrs. Hughes looked particularly well in a lovely gown of turquoise blue velvet heavily embroidered with crystal beads, a band of silver ribbon around her throat, and sleeves about to the elbow of handsome silver lace. She seemed to me to look in better health and in better spirits than usual, and I was inclined to lay it to the improvement in the health of her youngest daughter, little Miss Elizabeth.

Mrs. Welles wore a handsome gown of white satin—a draped model, caught on the side with a jeweled ornament. She had a chinchilla scarf around her shoulders. I shouldn't wonder if she needed it, for I can imagine her place near the doors of the big "hall of the Americas" was a bit drafty. I can't for the moment remember just what Sumner Welles's present detail is, but whatever it is he's on leave from it for the period of this conference. He used to be chief of the Bureau of Latin American Affairs of the State Department, you know. And he resigned a few months ago, but the resignation didn't seem to take, for I'm quite sure he was recently named for some post that seemed in the line of his special fitness, and before he got under way he was dragged back to make himself useful during this Central American peace conference.

Will Be Hosts.

Secretary and Mrs. Hughes are planning a couple of dinners for the delegates for December 20 and 21 to be given at their Eighteenth street home, and they are doing a lot of entertaining among themselves as well as having a lot done for them by State Department folk and officials of the Pan-American Union. On Wednesday night the Hugheses entertained them all at a gala performance of "La Boheme" by the San Carlo Opera Company, which has been here all week. The house was all trimmed up with flags of the five republics as well as of the United States. It was really a decidedly worth while audience, including some of the Cabinet and a good many of the diplomats, and little Costa Rica was all puffed up, for was not Don Emilio Salazar, the tenor, who was scoring such a triumph, a native of Costa Rica? 'Twas a proud night!

But that was Wednesday. To get back to Monday. The Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge were among the early arrivals and held a little impromptu reception. Mrs. Coolidge was in black, as straight up and down pailleted model, with a rope of jet for the girdle.

It happened that the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, was the only one of the Cabinet I saw, but that was very probably because I left early, wanting to take in a dance, the first of a series which the officers of the Marine Corps gave over at the Willard, with Secretary and Mrs. Denby as their honor guests. I remembered those marine dances from previous seasons as by no means to be missed.

Miss Alisa Mellon was with her father, a tall young thing in a lovely frock of rose colored velvet, straight and untrimmed save for touches of gold thread embroidery, so light and delicate that it was almost lost in the pile of the velvet. Very likely the Weekses may have arrived later. They were honor guests at a dinner which Mrs. Dimock gave that eveneing and would naturally be a bit delayed. Mrs. Dimock has her son-in-law and daughter and their children visiting her, you know, the Catalanis. Signor Catalani has recently been detailed here as a second counselor of the Italian Embassy, and Washington is delighted to have him and his wife back. It was while he was stationed here a dozen years ago that he wooed and won Mrs. Dimock's widowed daughter, so that Washington feels a proprietary interest in them.

To return to the Pan-American. I noticed the William R. Castles there with their pretty daughter, Miss Rosamund, who is to make her debut soon. They are just back from Europe, and this happened to be the first time I had seen them. And Mr. and Mrs. Breckinridge Long were there with their guests, Col. and Mrs. E. M. House, who were here really as part of Clemenceau's party, but stayed with the Longs a few blocks above Henry White's house, where the French veteran was being entertained. The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand were there, and the Latin-American diplomats were out almost to a man—ever so many of the State Department officials, the Robert Woods Blisses, the Wilbur Carrs, Leland Harrison, &c.; several of the British Embassy staff, Gen. Bethell, the Chiltons and the Craigies, Miss Boardman, the Rufus Days, Senator and Mrs. Pepper, Dr. L. S. Rowe, the former Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall—a pretty representative gathering.

Clemenceau, who had arrived that afternoon was probably pretty tired. So far as I know he didn't do anything that evening. But the next day, and the next, and the next, he was a pretty busy old man. It may have been merely a coincidence that he was entertained in the same house where the French High Commission of 1917 was billeted, headed by Joffre and Viviani. Somehow, though they are essentially different, he reminded me of Joffre. They have their similarities. Both are such typical old Frenchmen, and both are so consumed with the clear flame of their patriotism. Clemenceau, the Tiger, school teacher, publicist and statesman, and good old jolly Papa Joffre, peasant and soldier of France.

There were no big parties for Clemenceau, even as there was no big demonstration at his arrival, largely out of consideration for him, and for the strenuous trip he was undertaking. Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, who were his hosts here, would have delighted to do him honor. But they gave only small parties for him, eight or ten guests to dinner or luncheon, and sometimes none at all. He made only two formal addresses—one before the Southern Society, that the members might spread his message throughout the South for him, since he found that he simply could not himself invade their territory as he had planned, and another before an international conference of Chautauqua lecturers—probably thinking that they, too, would be effective mouthpieces and broadcast his appeal much more thoroughly than he could himself. That is one of his bignesses, his willingness to get results in whatever way seems likely to be most effective and not insist on doing it all himself.

He "did" Washington thoroughly, laid a wreath on the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, visited the Lincoln Memorial and stood uncovered before the tomb of the Unknown at Arlington. He paid his respects to the President on Tuesday—the morning after his arrival—and electrified everybody by appearing in the conventional silk hat instead of the battered old gray felt with its black band, which he has lived in since he reached these shores and probably for some time before. And on Thursday he lunched with the President — informally, as White House luncheons go when there is so distinguished a guest to be honored—but still more of a "party" than any that the Henry Whites had inflicted on him. And in between his two visits to the White House he called on former President Wilson at his home on S street. It was an entirely informal, strictly personal visit. He went there quite alone, no staff, no aid, no nothing—by appointment of course. He was received in the library on the second floor. Mrs. Wilson showing him up and lingering a moment to assure herself that the interview was not going to be too much for her husband. For about fifteen minutes these two chatted. M. Clemenceau insists that they did not discuss the League of Nations or world politics or anything so deadly serious. It was simply a social call. He found Mr. Wilson rather heavier than when he was in France—looking well and apparently feeling well, his mind alert as of yore—but he realized that he was tiring him and after chatting about fifteen minutes he made his adieux. It sounds very commonplace — but, not doubting M. Clemenceau for a moment—wouldn't you have loved to listen in?

It was when he spoke at the Southern Society that I had the best chance to watch the Tiger, and got the most thrills out of his visit to Washington. They borrowed Memorial Continental Hall—headquarters for the D. A. R.—for the occasion and one could not fail to be reminded that it was in Memorial Continental Hall that the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments held all its open meetings during the fall and winter a year ago. Personally I had not been over there since that never to be forgotten day when that conference made its final report and signed all the various and sundry treaties. But to-night the great open space on the floor, which had been occupied by the delegates, was filled solidly with seats, and row upon row of faces turned expectantly toward the platform. There isn't a vacant seat downstairs, and the galleries are filling rapidly. So are the boxes. There's Mrs. Lawrence Townsend and Mrs. Ira Bennett with her, and there are Admiral and Mrs. Cary Grayson. Probably Grayson and Clemenceau are warm friends. You remember he was over in Paris as President Wilson's aide and physician. There's Chauncey Hackett, and in one of the upper boxes Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hutchins.

Oh look there's Mrs. Henry White. One comments mentally that her husband is probably to be on the platform—and he is. So is Gen. Tasker Bliss—both of them members of the American delegation to the Paris conference. And there is Miss Mabel Boardman trying to slip quietly into a seat in the auditorium—but they won't have it they are bringing her to the platform. (Laughter and applause) as they say in the Congressional Record of undelivered speeches. Mrs. George Maynard Minor is there too. She is to speak. And Izetta Jewell—Mrs. Brown I should say. I suppose she will too. Who's that big man? Is—Gov. Trinkle of Virginia. Oh, and there's James Breckenridge Long—and Col. and Mrs. Edward M. House who are his guests. Col. House is one of the numerous—and one of the chief chaperons of Clemenceau's trip. There's Uncle Joe Cannon. Don't quite see how Washington is going to get along without him. He's been part of it for so long.

The Band Plays "Dixie."

The band plays "Dixie"—and watch the Southern crowd rise for it, as if it was the national anthem! The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand come in and they are welcomed with a burst of applause—cordial, but not to carry one away, you know. And then—Clemenceau! Just listen to them! Hope that roof's well anchored. The band is playing the "Marseillaise," but you can't hear it. Every atom of your attention concentrates on that short, stocky figure in immaculate evening dress—the fighting face with the walrus mustache; the kindly eyes peering out from under beetling brows, and the merry twinkle lurking in their depth; the famous gray gloves, small gesticulating hands, graceful and expressive. One is amused at his fashion of applauding by patting one hand on the back of the other. One is amused, too, to see him dodge the big thronelike chair arranged for him and slip into a chair behind the Jusserands.

Two or three people speak. Now Hugh Wallace, Ambassador to France during the latter part of the Wilson regime. He's introducing Clemenceau—and he understands that brevity is the soul of wit. Clemenceau—isn't he an old dear? You don't have to agree with him, but you are bound to like him. He is received with enthusiasm and sympathy. Again and again he brings that big crowd cheering to its feet, and when he finally sits down himself it rises as one man.

It seems to me that that must have been the climax of the Tiger's visit. He had dined quietly with the Whites that night—just themselves—saving himself for the evening. The next night they gave about the only real party they attempted for him. And early Friday morning he went on his way—to Philadelphia, I believe—greatly to the disgust of the famous Gridiron Club, which was having one of its famous dinners Saturday night and tried to get the Tiger to be the chief lion of the party.

Col. and Mrs. House, who were staying with the Breckinridge Longs during the Clemenceau visit, were also storm

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